

Chronicle from
The Study's archives

THE STUDY CHRONICLE



MIDSUMMER

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T H E S T U D Y

Seaforth Avenue - Montreal

FOUNDED 1917. Incorporated 1922 by Act of the
Quebec Legislature for the Elementary and Higher
Education of Girls, under a Board of Governors.

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Honours, Oxford Higher Local	
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University of Toronto and McGill University	
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Member of the Canadian Group of Painters	
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Queens University and Radcliffe College	
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University of Bristol	
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Radcliffe College	

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SIXTH FORM

Mary Brocklebank
Susan Eisman
Barbara Sitwell
Isobel Chapman
Vickie Reynolds
Tinker Bell
Mary Hanson
Joan Mason
Isabel McGill
Diana Davis
Anne Bond
Pamela Ponder

FIRST TEAM

Pauline Little
Dorothy Downes
Sheila Montgomery
Elizabeth Dawes
Barbara Heward
Louise Macfarlane



2/Lieut. Helen Hague



SECOND TEAM

Tinker Bell, Vickie Reynolds, Cynthia Sassoon,
Mary Brocklebank, Helen MacLure, Connie Pope,
Diana Davis, Barbara Jellett, Jane Bourne, Linda Hodgson.

MAGAZINE STAFF

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Anne Bond

Assistant Editors

Tinker Bell
Mary Brocklebank

Business Editors

Isabel McGill
Joan Mason

Typists

Mary Hanson
Barbara Sitwell

—

EDITORIAL

"Alle is buxumnesse there, and bookes for to rede and to lerne,

And grete love and lykinge for each of hem loveth other".

Piers Plowman.

This year has seen many departures from the usual course of school life due either directly or indirectly to the war and the changing times.

"The Chronicle" itself is one of these departures as it is presented this year in an entirely new form. By using a different type of print and paper we have been able to make it larger and to illustrate it, which we hope makes it more interesting to read. Our thanks are due to one of the fathers who very kindly undertook to print it for us and without whose help it would not have been nearly as successful. We are very grateful to Miss Seath who gave us valuable assistance with regard to the art contributions which have entailed much more work this year.

One of the year's most important events was the formation of an Upper School Council, made up of the Sixth Form and representatives from the other Upper School Forms, to discuss and deal with school affairs. The Council has met three times and is run on business-like lines so that its members now have some idea how a meeting should be conducted.

This year we are faced with a diversity of careers from which to choose on leaving school. The choice is no longer between College or a business course, with a little Social Service work thrown in, but now includes many professions formerly barred to women and a variety of/

EDITORIAL (Cont'd)

of war jobs both in and out of uniform. Some of us have a definite goal in mind and others are bewildered by the number of possibilities but all of us have a new realization of the way in which our school life is fitting us for whatever we may undertake.

Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics seem much more worthwhile now that they can be really helpful to us should we wish to be accepted for some scientific war job such as Meteorology or Wireless Telegraphy. We work harder at our Biology knowing how useful it will be to us in any kind of hospital work.

Those of us who may join one of the Armed Forces will profit by the discipline of school life and the way in which it has taught us to accept responsibility.

With these opportunities thus unfolding before us our interest in school is accentuated as we realize the practical value of our education in the world of today.

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THE BUTTERFLY

Once I saw a butterfly
Sitting on a leaf nearby,
He was dressed in colours bright
And had eyes as black as night.

Andrea Richardson
Age $9\frac{1}{2}$
Upper A.

.....

1942

ROLL CALL

1943

MU GAMMAKAPPA RHOBETA LAMBDADELTA BETASixth

Mary Brocklebank
(Sub-Head and
Games Captain)
Isabel McGill
(Head)

Susan Eisman
Joan Mason
(Head)
Barbara Sitwell

Diana Davis
(Head)
Pamela Ponder
(Sub-Head)

Brigit Bell
(Head)
Anne Bond
Isobel Chapman
Mary Hanson
(Sub-Head)
Vickie Reynolds

Upper Fifth

Sheila Clarkson
Helen MacLure
Constance Pope
Cynthia Sassoon

Sheila Beaton
Dorothy Downes
(Sub-Head and
Games Captain)
Pauline Little

Elizabeth Dawes
(Games Captain)
Gwendolen Marler
Barbara Miller
Barbara Tidmarsh
Doreen Stanford

Jane Bourne
Phyllis Bronfman
Ann Grafftey
Rosemary Grier
Sheila Montgomery
(Games Captain)
Elizabeth Turner-Bone

Middle Fifth (1)

Anne Brocklebank
Stephanie Hale
Louise Macfarlane

Patricia Brophy
Charlotte Butler
Mary Lea
Featherstonhaugh

Mary Fisher
Roslyn Robertson

Eve Osler
Susan Reynolds

Kathleen Rood
Mary Warlow

Linda Hodgson
Barbara Jellett
Marie Lyall
Bryony Plant

Middle Fifth (2)

Joan Bronson
Nancy McGill

Janet Gilmour
Margot McDougall

Audrey MacDermot
Mary Lee Putnam
Marjorie Wiggs

Nonie Cronyn
Barbara Heward
Dorothy Walter

Lower Fifth

Elsbeth Lindsay
Shirley McCall
Joan Notman
Madeleine Parsons

Nancy Bignell
Margaret Little

Carol Donald
Eve Marler
Louise Marler
Martha Morgan
Rosina McCarthy
Elizabeth Parkin
Jean Rutherford
Sally Wilson

Joy Ballon
Barbara Christmas
Mary Hugessen
Cynthia Landry

1942

ROLL CALL

1943

MU GAMMAKAPPA RHOBETA LAMBDADELTA BETAUpper Fourth

Pannie Barr
 Eleanor Lindsay
 Cathy-Ann Notman
 Marjorie Root
 Shirley Wight

Kathryn Mason
 Cynthia Plant
 Jane Ramsay
 Pamela Smart
 Barbara Wales

Frances Hodge
 Elizabeth McLennan
 June Marler

Ann Armstrong
 Frances Currie
 Elizabeth Fleming
 Mary Robertson

Lower Fourth

Elizabeth Hastings
 Barbara MacLean
 Belle MacLean
 Sally Matthews

Barbara Beall
 Elizabeth-Ann Berlyn
 Carol Giles
 Katherine Paterson
 Jennifer Porteous
 Jane McCarthy
 Patsy MacDermot
 Jocelyn Rutherford
 Diana Sutherland
 Nancy Todd
 June Walker

Sarah Aitken
 Margot Ballon
 Doone McMurtry
 Anne Sansom
 Marigold Savage
 Mary Stewart
 Mary Tellier

Upper Third

Linda Ballantyne
 Deirdre Barr
 Ann Bushell
 Jill Crossen
 Joanna McLeod
 Mary Spencer-Nairn
 Dilys Williams
 Joan Young

Lucy Hodgson
 Sally McDougall
 Mary Newcomb
 Shirley-Anne Wales
 Daphne Fangman
 Gail Cottingham
 Martha Fisher
 Diana Mather
 Sylvia Ponder

Mary-Anne Currie
 Philippa Osler
 Grace Raymond
 Anne Yuile

Lower Third

Joan Mackay
 Verity Molson
 Margaret Notman
 Norma Wight

Susan Porteous
 Gerda Thomas
 Priscilla Wanklyn
 Margaret Rogers

Tessa Bendixson
 Virginia Govier
 Mary-Jane Hutchison
 Cynthia Scott

Meriel MacLean
 Sandra Ogilvie
 Angela Johns

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1942

ROLL CALL

1943

LOWER SCHOOL

Upper A

Helen Belcher
Barbara Dawes
Joan Fraser
Diana Gaherty
Efa Heward
Joanne Hodgson

Angela Johns
Jannie Leipoldt
Willa Ogilvie
Anne Pangman
Nancy Pollock
Andria Richardson

Margaret-Isabella Rogers
Mary Stavert
Judith Thomas
Sheila White
Carolyn Whitehead
Sandra Wilson

Lower A

Jane Aitken
Jennifer Brabant
Frances Bushell
Tish Dawes
Diana Drew

Joan Evans
Jane Gordon
Bryden McCarthy
Jill McConnell
Sandra McDougall
Barbara Macintosh

Susan Marler
Deirdre Molson
Penelope Nichol
Pamela Pasmore
Sally Sharwood

Upper B

Margot Beaubien
Faith Heward

Gillian Le Page
Annabell Mitchell

Margaret Ogilvie
Valerie Ross

Lower B

Fiona Bogert
Susan Cushing
Judith Dobell
Linda Gordon

Susy Gordon
Elizabeth MacKenzie
Judy Mather
Beth McEwen
Kate Molson

Sally Parsons
Penny Pasmore
Camilla Porteous
Hilary Thomas

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1942

SCHOOL CALENDAR

1943

September	9th	-	Middle and Upper School opened.
"	10th	-	Lower School opened.
"	11th	-	First House Meetings.
October	6th	-	Sale of Work
"	12th	-	Half-term holiday.
November	11th	-	Basket-ball match with Weston. Victory. Plays by Upper and Lower Fourth "The Wonderful Tourist". "St. Francis and the Wolf".
"	26th	-	Basket-ball match with Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp. Defeat.
December	7th	-	Basket-ball match with Trafalgar. Victory.
"	16th	-	Junior School Christmas Party.
"	17th	-	Christmas Carols by the School.
"	18th	-	Christmas Carols by the School and Old Girls.
"	22nd	-	Junior School Play.
"	22nd	-	School closes for Christmas Holidays.
January	6th	-	School re-opened.
"	28th	-	Basket-ball match with Weston. Victory.
February	9th	-	Basket-ball match with Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp. Victory.
"	20th	-	Ski-meet at St. Sauveur.
"	25th	-	Basket-ball match with Trafalgar. Victory.
March	2nd	-	Inter-house basket-ball.
"	4th	-	Inter-house basket-ball.
"	8th	-	Half-term holiday.
April	2nd	-	Drill and Dancing demonstration by Middle and Upper School.
"	8th	-	Basket-ball match with Old Girls. Defeat.
"	16th	-	School closes for Easter Holidays.
"	28th	-	School re-opened.
May	24th	-	Half-term holiday.
"	26th	-	Sports Day.
"	28th	-	Inter-house Tennis matches.
June	3rd	-	Swimming Meet.
"	4th	-	Concert and Dancing.
"	8th	-	Church Service at Christ Church Cathedral.
"	9th	-	School Closing.

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STAFF NOTES

This year has seen many changes in our staff due to two causes -
(1) The War and (2) Romance.

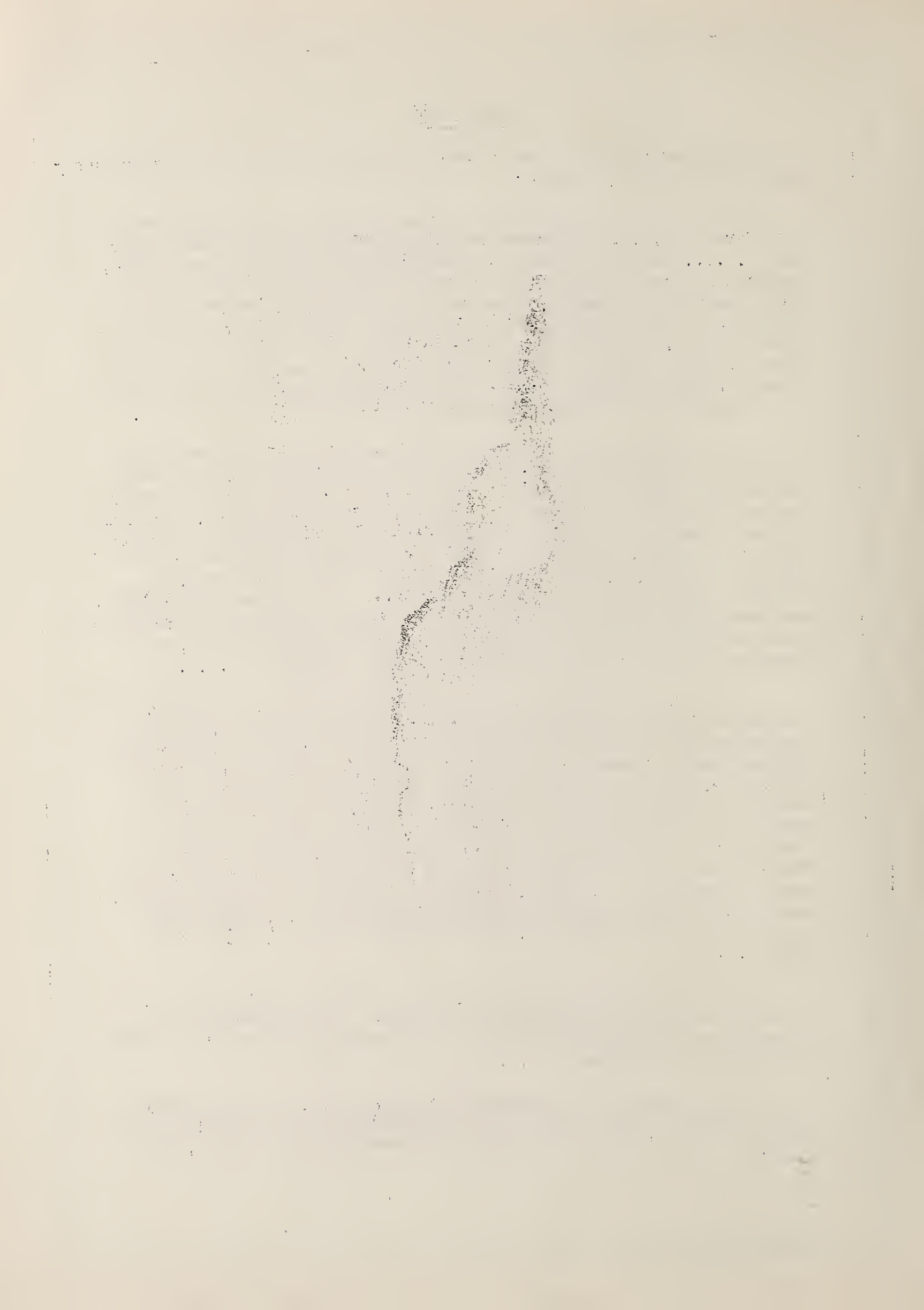
Last year the biggest change occurred when Miss Hague deserted us for the C.W.A.C. We wonder what the Army has that we have not got To teach us History in her place came Miss Skelton from Radcliffe College, who has in her brief time with us become an integral part of our staff. This can be explained by, among other things, the fact that she helped Miss Moore coach us to victory in Basket-ball. Unfortunately, our good luck is destined to be short-lived. Miss Skelton is leaving school life for married life, as she recently became engaged to Mr. Arthur Redpath Menzies, 3rd Secretary in the Department of External Affairs, and will live in Ottawa.

Miss Sanders left us last year to marry Sergeant-pilot Peter Sautelle, an Australian airman. All the girls were terribly sorry when he was listed as 'missing' in the Fall. Mrs. Sautelle is now living in Australia with his parents on their sheep farm. According to her letters she is having a wonderful time learning how to ride a horse and raise sheep. We wonder if, when she spent weary hours telling us about Australian sheep-raising, she ever thought she, herself, would some day be raising them? . . . To replace her, after our temporary mistress Miss Burris left, came Miss Harbert from Bishop Strachan School. She too has only been here a short while, but we hope that she will not be leaving us for a long while . . .

The Lower School has not escaped the terrible toll wreaked by the powerful pull of war and romance . . . Miss Griffin, who had taught English and History for several years, returned to her native England to teach bombed-out children . . . To replace Miss Griffin came Mrs. Halton, with her two tiny children from Tientsin, where she had been teaching. Miss Belford, who has taught the Lower School for eight years, is marrying Mr. William George Andrews of the Cable & Wireless Ltd., London, and they are going to live in Puerto Rico . . . We do not even have to ask what Puerto Rico has that we have not . . . Mrs. Jamieson is leaving to go with her husband, who is being stationed in Shawinigan Falls . . . so, in the pull on our staff of War v. Romance, equal honours are shared by both . . .

The following is an extract from a letter received by us, when we wrote asking Miss Hague for her picture. We included it as we thought her description of Army life as opposed to School life would be enjoyed by everybody . . .

"It is really very amusing being at R.M.C., as I certainly never imagined that I would be the next member of my family to take lectures there! There are shields all round the mess hall, with the/
the/



STAFF NOTES (Cont'd)

the names of the boys who have come first in the graduating class, each year since R.M.C. was founded, and the other day I found myself at lunch sitting under my brother's shield. It really gave me quite a funny feeling!

There are only twelve of us on this course, and we come one from each of the districts in Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver. We are the first women they have ever had on this course, and they are very funny about us. One of the instructors unbent sufficiently the other day to inform us that none of the instructors slept a wink the week-end before we arrived, because they didn't know what to do with us when we got here, as they had never taught anything but men!

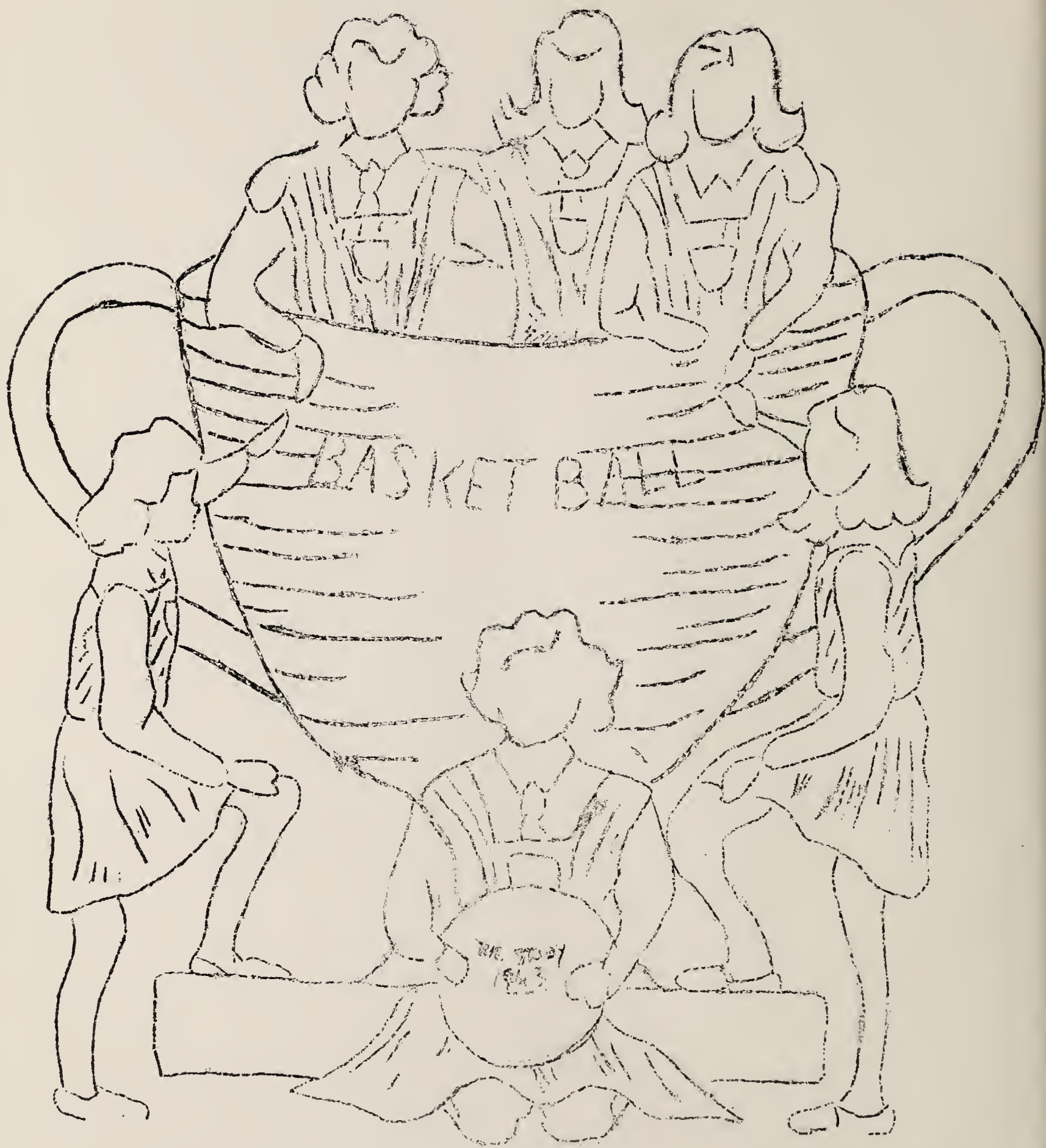
You can tell the girls from me that when I told you that I thought it was worse to set and correct exam. papers than to write them, I was perfectly right. I never expected when I used to say it, to have a chance to prove it, but I have written three sets of exam. papers in less than six months (more than you have done!) and on the whole, I have quite enjoyed it, although I sometimes didn't know very much about what I was writing. And you needn't think that a great deal did not depend upon those exams, because it did.

As perhaps you know, I started out as a private, and then two months after that I became a Lance-Corporal and got one stripe. Then they sent me out to the Officers' Training Course at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and I became an Acting-Sergeant and was called a Cadet. I graduated from Ste. Anne's just a month ago yesterday on March 1st; and then I became a 2/Lieutenant with one star (one-pip-wonders, we are commonly called) and was posted to No. 11 Company, C.W.A.C. at Shaughnessy Barracks on Upper Peel Street. When I was there I was what they call Barracks Officer. I ran round and saw that the house was kept in repair and that the cooks and waitresses were getting on all right, and the general duties girls keeping the house clean. And I looked after sick bay, and ordered the rations, and generally was a sort of combination of major domo and maid of all work. At least, so it seemed to me.

When I get back from this course, I expect to do something different. I am going to be a sort of adjutant to the Commanding Officer of the Company, which will mean doing a good deal of office work, and acting as her understudy.

So you see I have led a very varied existence, and although I have been terribly busy, and some parts of the life have been hard, it has really given me some satisfaction to be doing it.

I hope that this has given you all the information you want. I have taken the time tonight to write this because this is the first night since I have been here (except the week-end) that I have not had three or four hours work to do at night, and our lectures begin at 9 a.m. and finish at 5 p.m. with an hour off for lunch from 1 - 2! Don't tell me you work hard!!"



Joan Bronson
Middle V.

SPORTS NOTES

Basket-ball

Although we had little hope of success this year, having lost the majority of our best players, with perseverance and hard work we were able to win the cup.

We feel that great praise and gratitude are owed to Miss Moore for her inspiration and patience with the teams.

First Team

Louise Macfarlane	shots
Barbara Howard	
Elizabeth Dawes	
Sheila Montgomery	
Pauline Little	defence
	subs

Second Team

Connie Pope
Barbara Jellett
Mary Brocklobank
Linda Hodgson
Helen MacLure
Diana Davis
Jane Bourne
Tinker Bell
Vickie Reynolds

The scores for the games were:- First Team

November 11th	versus Weston	11 - 55	Victory
November 26th	versus Miss Edgar's	25 - 24	Defeat
December 7th	versus Trafalgar	25 - 37	Victory
January 28th	versus Weston	16 - 48	Victory
February 9th	versus Miss Edgar's	26 - 43	Victory
February 25th	versus Trafalgar	31 - 22	Victory

Apart from our regular schedule we played a victorious game against Montreal West High School which was enjoyed by everyone, and we would like very much to repay this visit. The inter-house basket-ball games were won by Mu Gamma.

Ski-ing

This year we were fortunate in having Mrs. Dillingham to instruct our ski-ing. A team consisting of M. Morgan, J. Bronson, P. Bronfman and E. Turner-Bone was organized. Although Trafalgar won the shield, we feel that the team profited greatly by the instruction and racing experience, as most of us had never raced before. A Junior Team also entered the races although it did not win.

Badminton

This year we did not have much time for badminton. The inter-house singles were won by Mu Gamma.

SPORTS NOTES (Cont'd)

The sports this year have been very popular. Swimming is just beginning and with this we have tennis and Sports Day to look forward to.

Sheila Montgomery
Games Captain.

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".... God formed every beast of the field
and every fowl of the air....."

The beasts of the earth
And the fowls of the air,
They drink at the pools
That are crystal clear.
They eat of the berries
They find upon trees;
They feast on wild honey
That is made by the bees.

Their homes are the highland,
The valley, the plain
And here they roam
In sunshine or rain.
They sleep at night
'Neath starlit skies,
They wake in the morning
To greet the sunrise.

Katherine Paterson
Lower IV.

.....

"YE STUDIE ACTRESSES"

At the end of the Christmas term the Upper Fourth put on two one-act plays - "The Wonderful Tourist" by F. Sladen Smith and "St. Francis and the Wolf" by Paul Carroll.

The first play was rather unusual, for most of the characters were animals. An English tourist (Kathryn Mason), his wife (Pannie Barr) and dog (Cynthia Plant) were confronted in an African jungle by some fierce looking beasts. They would have been devoured, but for the timely appearance of a rescue party lead by the dog. The conceited tourist, however, believed that it was his calmness and imperturbability that had saved the day.

"St. Francis and the Wolf" is supposed to have taken place in Italy. A pompous mayor (Frances Currie) and his council were besieged in a building by an angry crowd. The trouble was all over a bothersome wolf (Frances Hodge) who ravaged the country. Fortunately St. Francis of Assisi (Ann Armstrong) straightened matters, and everyone lived happily ever after! The play was enlivened by a fire-brand Pedro Pacchio (Barbara Wales) the love-sick champion of the crowd.

The last day of the Easter term, the Lower Fifth put on the "Spinsters of Lushe" by Philip Jonson, and the "Eye of the Beholder" by Cyril Grainger.

"The Spinsters of Lushe" was a very amusing tale of a parlour-maid (Louise Marler), who had the inelegant habit of sniffing, four gossipy old maids, and a miscreant maiden (Margaret Little).

The story took place at the end of the eighteenth century in the town of Lushe, England. The scene is laid in the sitting-room of Miss Charlotte Brighte (Joan Notman); and here the spinsters (Elizabeth Parkin, Cynthia Landry and Rosina McCarthy) carried on a conversation well worth listening to.

The "Eye of the Beholder" was a more serious play, but it had its light spots too, with the jester (Madeleine Parsons) and the Lord Chamberlain (Elspeth Lindsay) providing the comedy. The plot was concerned with the court of Queen Drusilla of Bohemia, a portrait painter (Jean Rutherford) and his sister (Carol Donald) all trying to keep the queen (Joy Ballon) ignorant of her ugliness. Through the king (Mary Hugessen) who almost married her, she learned the truth, and the play ended on a half-happy, half-sad note.

We were very glad to hear that the Upper Third and Lower Fourth are going to put on some plays for us. We are all looking forward to this closing event of the season.

The hard work of the actresses, Miss Hancox and Miss Seath, as well as the mothers' help with the costumes, have made this a very successful dramatic year.

Joy Ballon
Lower V.

Pannie Barr
Upper IV.

GUIDE NOTES

We were very glad to have Miriam Tees as our captain again this year. However, we were very sorry to have to say good-bye to our last year's P. L.'s - B. Tidmarsh, E. Turner-Bone, E. Osler and M. L. Featherstonhaugh. L. Macfarlane, also a last year's P. L. stayed with us and acts as Company Leader. We have welcomed twelve new recruits into our Company. Our new P. L.'s are:-

Cynthia Plant	-	Trillium Patrol
Mary Hugessen	-	Poppy Patrol
Eleanor Lindsay	-	Honesty Patrol
Eve Marler	-	Heather Patrol
Elspeth Lindsay	-	Sunflower Patrol

The P. L.'s and their seconds have been working hard for a sick nurse badge with the Trafalgar Guides. We had the exam about two weeks ago and are still eagerly awaiting the results. Mrs. Newcomb has become our new Guide Commissioner, and she has chosen a Badge Secretary for us.

In the Easter Term we went to a song festival at the Montreal High School. There was singing by everyone directed by Mr. Weatherseed and also a quiz competition on music between the districts. Three girls represented each district and we are glad to say the Central District won.

Recently the guides have been working on posters of various badges, Poppy and Heather tied for first prize.

On Friday, May 7th, there is going to be a Victory Loan Rally in which guides, scouts, sea, army and air cadets are giving a demonstration. We are all looking forward to it with much enthusiasm and expect that it will be a great success.

Elspeth Lindsay
Lower V.

.....

THE KITTEN

I met a little kitten,
When I was walking by,
She was fluffy, grey and pretty,
But she had hurt her eye.

I tried to make it better
And I think she understood,
For she flicked her tail
Then quickly turned and ran into the wood.

Margaret Ogilvie
Age $7\frac{1}{2}$.
Upper B.



Mary Warlow
Middle V.

MUSIC NOTES

The musical success of this year has been almost more than we could have hoped, though we still miss last year's hearty singers.

We have learnt some difficult three-part songs; 'Lo How a Rose' we sang at Christmas, and 'Lift Thine Eyes' we hope to do at the Church Service. Notable at Christmas were 'Christmas Day is Come', an old Irish Carol sung by the Upper School, and 'Wither's Rocking Carol' sung by the Middle School. Dr. Egerton wrote a descant for us for the 'Sans Day Carol', which we enjoyed very much. 'Good King Wenceslas' was sung at the Christmas concert as well as on the last day of the term. Joan Mason and Verity Molson sang the parts of King and page.

The Fourth Forms have been very fortunate in having a good accompanist from their own number, in Margot Ballon. We would like to congratulate Margot on winning a prize from the Canadian Performing Rights Society of Toronto for an original piano composition and a song.

The Pipers have had an especially good year. We now have three classes. The beginners have made great progress and the intermediates and seniors have been trying some quartets. At our Christmas Concert the Old Girls joined in the piping for the first time.

A number of girls have attended various musical events in the city. We were steady patrons of the McGill String Quartet; and a small group of us went to hear Bach's St. Matthew Passion conducted by Wilfrid Pelletier. Some of the events from the gospel story were dramatized on the stage while the music was sung by soloists and chorus. It was a very beautiful performance.

The Upper School Singing class has recently been studying the Cesar Franck Symphony, the Overture to Tschaichovsky's 'Romeo and Juliet' and Schumann's Piano Quintet.

We are now working hard to make the Summer Concert and the Church Service the crowning events of the school year.

Vickie Reynolds J. Mason
VI. VI.

.....

ART NOTES

Art as usual has been very interesting, but even more so this year, as life drawing has been added to our curriculum. This was a new venture for many of the girls, who in turn posed for one another. The results of this were very interesting; some specialized in portraits while others in figures, both in charcoal and paint.

At the end of the Christmas Term, The Study was asked to send a set of fifteen pictures to the National Gallery at Ottawa, for a display by children from all over Canada. From this The Study artists gained newspaper fame.

In February a display was held in Toronto for 'Young Artists under Twenty', to which we sent three pictures by older girls and six paintings done by the younger children. Ann Grafftey's and Joan Bronson's paintings were accepted in the Art Gallery at Toronto and the younger girls' paintings in the Children's Centre of the Gallery.

The C.W.A.C. redecorated their Canteen and Recreation Centre at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and we were asked to donate a mural and posters. Mary Warlow and Ann Grafftey worked on the mural, considering it a great honour, and nine other girls designed attractive posters.

The C.S.P.C.A. held a drive this year in order to raise money for a horse ambulance. To this The Study donated three posters which were displayed at the Ritz, The Electrical Power Building and Ogilvy's.

The Junior School has continued to produce unique masterpieces and the Middle School has done some delightful props for the plays.

Isobel Chapman
VI.

Ann Grafftey
Upper V.

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EPIGRAM

Examinationes sunt difficiles, dico vero;
Sed est eventus peior mercurie miseris nobis.

Vickie Reynolds
VI.

.....

THE SCHOOL FIRE (TOUCH WOOD)

Mary Lea took off and put on her glasses as she stared despairingly at the geometry test on the black-board. What was that queer smell? Was Miss Wallace conducting an experiment on combustion?

Mrs. Henshaw pressed the bell furiously. One by one, realizing that this was a real fire, many of the staff fainted away. The prefects, regardless of those whom they so often rebuked, pushed to the fire-escapes, anxious to escape the blazing furnace that had been The Study. The Upper School, panicking, followed, trampling the Middle School to the ground. Miss Moore told her class that they would go outside to finish the HCZLYSZZYECH Polka; some preferred to burn.

Mary Hanson, crutches burned, shrieked for help, but the Sixth were gone. Lower B ran in to save her. They picked her up and carried her out. A cheer rose from the hysterical crowd of nurses, parents and boy-friends that had assembled outside.

From all corners of Montreal rushed fire-engines, French-Canadian firemen clung onto them with the skin of their teeth. All, with desperate chivalry, wished to save the beautiful, but now blistered, girls from the building. Alack! They were too late.

The only survivors were the Junior School, who had kept their heads and Mary Hanson plus Lower B (Mary had collapsed into the arms of a handsome fireman). Last but not least Madame Gaudion sat among the ashes, from which rose a small trail of smoke. She was drenched by the fire-men's hoses but her red pencil still functioned well. She murmured "Child, child, this is terrible work".

Susan Reynolds
Middle V.

.....

DIFFERENT WAYS TO WALK IN THE WINTER

Some days you wade through the melting snow.
Some days you slide - Whoops! Down you go!
Some days you sit all down the hill,
But most days you walk, standing still (When it's slippery).

Pippa Osler.
Age 11.
Upper III.

WINNERS OF THE HUTCHINSON ESSAY PRIZE.

Upper School Vickie Reynolds

Middle School Pannie Barr

2nd Jane Ramsay

BEAVER LAKE

Beaver Lake is a large stretch of water on Mount Royal. It is a pleasant place at all seasons and it always has interesting things to do or see connected with it. It is wonderful how, though it is tame and man-made, it gives nature and a taste of the country to the Montrealers who come there.

I like Beaver Lake best in the spring and summer when the toads and ducks return from their winter homes. At that time the air is filled with shrill pipings and round the edge cling hundreds of pairs of toads, a big one with a small one on its back at each rough place on the rock edge which gives a grip. The sides of the little one's throat swell out with his singing. The only thing that spoils this exciting time is the crowd of people that comes up. Some of them think it fun to tear two toads apart, to catch them and stuff them into the waste-paper baskets or to play with them as balls. I do not think people like that should be allowed up there. It is a mystery to me where the toads come from. They are suddenly all there, and then not there. During the rest of the year I did not see one on the mountain.

Behind them the toads leave tadpoles which swim around amongst schools of little fishes. The city corporation put these fish in. I think it was a wise thing to do. Soon there arrives a crate. Out of it the Beaver Lake ducks, about twenty of them, march proudly. They strut on flabby webbed feet to the edge, plop into the water, smooth themselves and try to seem as if they had never left.

Summer life begins again. The tadpoles romp in the Lake or in the little tadpole pool at the side. The trees around, and the rockery's shrubs, come out. The flowerbeds are filled with colour, the ducks scud from one bread-thrower to another, and many people stroll around with knitting, books or jars. At this time Beaver Lake is Peace and Content in itself. The sun shines, the ripples flash, and everyone about is full of drowsy happiness of a kind not found anywhere else but here. As well as meaning many little things to me, such as ducks, fish, tadpoles and ice creams, Beaver Lake deserves notice as a whole. It is broad and grandly curved in shape. Around are laid the things that help to/

BEAVER LAKE (Cont'd)

to make it nice; the brilliant rockery and its tiny stream, the shady trees and the big bare hill basking in the sun by it.

There is a reason for the name Beaver Lake. All the soil around it is dark and unlike ordinary garden earth. It is filled with millions and millions of tiny white shells, curly shells and dish shells. They are at the bottom of the spring-streams and in pools and can be seen everywhere where the grass and plants have not covered them. Long ago there was a greater lake where Beaver Lake now is. It lay among great tall trees and undergrowth. White men never came there, but it was the home of many beavers, and little shelled animals. I can imagine it now. The only thing in which it resembles its man-made descendant is the brightness and warmth with which the sun shines down on it. The trees shut out a view of anything but it and them, the beavers build their lodges and flap their tails on the water, the fish leap and the frogs croak at the edge where the water meets the thick wild undergrowth. There is silence except for the little animal noises. It is strange, and frightening. Now Beaver Lake is surrounded by chattering people. There is a shop, definitely tame ducks, and fish from an unnatural hatchery. I like it better now. It is more friendly and sociable. Only the tiny shells and the name are left to tell that the old lake ever existed.

Soon the summer passes; the tadpoles become tiny toads, the people begin to dress differently and also to multiply in number as the holidays are over. Then, one day, there is a boy at the side catching the ducks to take away. The flowers on the rockery change to beautiful red and yellows, the grass withers, and the trees are dressed up with the bright leaves which soon drop. Even the lake is different, no longer happy and sparkling but dull and cold. Soon snow powders the land and disappears into the steely water. Then, as ice forms on the lake, men put danger signs round it. I do not like this time, it is not summer or winter, and there are no new amusements to take away the sadness of the fact that the trees are bare, the shop is shut, it is cold and the summer is past. Before we know it, however, the winter has come and skaters return to dart on the rink, the skiers to slide down the hill, and we arrive with our toboggan. At the top of the hill on the road are people strolling, mixing with riding-horses and jingling sleighs. Down the hill we fly past the skiers and out on to the ice with the skaters. Men are busy building the toboggan run. At the height of the winter's fun there will suddenly be people flashing down it. We envy their speed, but it is fun to glide to a stop after a rushing ride, whether you have had the distinction of going down the toboggan slide or not. The sun in winter is as bright as in summer, but the air cold and encouraging. The sky is bluer than blue paint and much more friendly. The hills around Beaver Lake are snowy white, with bare black trees, and everybody is very busy having fun in one of the various ways. Sometimes, of course, there are dreadful days and the cold drives people away. An icy wind whips the snow up and whirls it in biting clouds on the lake and hill, but the next day sports are in full swing again. The sun gets hotter/

BEAVER LAKE (Cont'd)

hotter and hotter until the sleighs passing along the road splatter passers-by with dirty water, and slush. After more cold spells grass shows, wet and dead, and the buds grow fat. Everything seems to be stirring with life again but everything is wet, and often muddy. Beaver Lake shakes off its uncertainty as to the season and it is spring again.

The buds burst and unfold into green leaves, and the flower-beds are filled with young spikes, thick where the crocuses are hiding inside. The orioles build their nests, and the sun pours the melted snow into streams, pools and the lake. Then when everything is comparatively dry there is a thin high "peep, peep". The toads are back, and summer is on the way once more.

In Montreal, Beaver Lake is the best place to enjoy the different seasons and to rest or play in contentment all the year. The friendly trees make shade and shelter, the beautiful hills slope gently down to the smiling lake. This is the place for happiness.

Pannie Barr
Age 13.
Upper IV.

.....

TO DAVID

David, I would like to know
Why your tail keeps wagging so?
When with you I sit and play,
Or when we run in fields of hay.

Is it just that you feel grand
As we scamper o'er the sand?
Like a flag high in the air,
Your tail keeps wagging everywhere.

How I wish that I could be
Like you, gay and so carefree
With a tail that all might know -
That I am happy where e'er I go.

Gail Cottingham
Age 11.
Upper III.

.....

Gym Demonstration



dashing - oh!



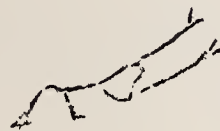
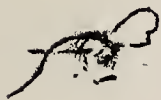
really energetic



someone jumps over me & sticks halfway



horrible exercise designed to run stockings & make knee joints crack



swinging exercise to put elbows through tight places



exercise is so good for your health!

THE ORDEAL

The sentence was passed against her. For a moment at the thought of the ordeal to be faced, she pondered jumping out of the window and ending it all on the ground beneath. There was no one in the way and she could make a dash for it before they stopped her . . .

Just then, however, the bell pealed that was to summon her down. Automatically she dragged her feet, heavy as lead, out of the room. Down the stairs she went, her mind numb, her eyes staring. She reeled and staggered up on to the platform where the terrible fate awaited her. A friend brushed past her and murmured a few words of consolation which she scarcely heard.

Slowly the room began to fill up. She nearly swooned with horror as the crowd gazed with cruel, mocking eyes at the victim. She seemed to be standing alone, desperately isolated, the doomed sacrifice. A yawning gulf of timeless eternity separated her from the waiting mob.

But soon now it would be over. The hall was filled and the time was come. She braced herself for the shock, every fibre of her body tense with terror and apprehension . . .

Very faint and far away she heard her own voice, rather affected and surprisingly calm.

"Was anyone talking this morning? Then only Lower A can have a point."

Vickie Reynolds
VI.

.....

THE OLD FARMER OF KENT

There was an old farmer of Kent,
Who spent all his time paying rent,
He bought sugar and coffee
And ten pounds of toffee,
And so he was always content.

Joan Fraser
Age 10
Upper A.

THURSDAYS

At six o'clock with hearts so brave the family sallies forth
Toward the kitchen they must march as it's the maid's day-out,
of course,
Father mans the carving knife whilst mother mans the stove,
Brother guards the first-aid kit, I round the table rove
Dropping plates at even intervals with tumblers to the right
And knives and forks just anyhow for the ensuing fight
With half-cooked vegetables, and meat two inches thick
Which must be swallowed for peace' sake, though in our throats
they stick.

A sudden shriek from mother as her arm she tried to roast,
Brother is to the rescue, though father keeps his post
Having previously been wounded, though too sheepish to admit,
He also was in need of brother's first-aid kit.
The kitchen cleared of wounded the battle must proceed,
So I took over mother's post with all my utmost speed,
But in spite of all my efforts, I arrived just seconds late
To find the soup and vegetables in a most dreadful state.

The outcome of the battle was for us, a bad defeat
As we watched the family dog enjoy a well-burnt treat.
At six o'clock next Thursday the family sallied forth
Not toward the kitchen, but a restaurant of course.

Diana Davis
VI.

.....

MY CAT

I had a cat
It was so cute,
It ran round the house
In its bathing suit.

Sally Parsons
Age 7.
Lower B.

.....

LET'S GO SKI-ING

"Oh yes, do let's go ski-ing!" How easy that is to say, but how hard to a beginner.

First, you have to get something in which to ski. A pink windbreaker and powder-blue socks are not advisable, but a sensible jacket, which is quite long to prevent the snow from wetting you in some of your falls, is a good thing to get. Warmth is essential in both ski trousers and windbreaker, if you are planning to ski in the country.

Well, now you have got as far as putting on your skis, do not be frightened, they will not bite you. You are thinking of all the professional skiers, who, with a slight turn of their shoulders come down a steep hill, doing neat and precise christianas from side to side, until they reach the bottom, where a tempo-turn finishes their lightning speed. You wonder wistfully whether those sticks of wood now on your feet will ever perform such wonders!

You are at the top of the hill. To your right stretch hill after hill, group after group of Laurentian Mountains. Trees, rocks and cliffs break the monotony. To your left you see different rocks, trees and cliffs, but those rolling hills are always in your sight and mind. They seem to press closely upon you, shutting and crowding you out.

Directly in front of you, you see a gentle, sloping hill, which would not frighten you in summer, but why are you now feeling peculiarly weak and why without any explanation are your knees beginning to gently tap against one another?

You say weakly to yourself, "Now really, you should start out feeling very confident of yourself, and of your ability to master ski-ing". Just the same, you feel miserable at the thought of tumbling down that sinister slope!! Very, very slowly, you give yourself a gentle little push with your ski poles. Nothing happens. You are feeling better now, and with a determined push you start off down that mountain. All at once earth and sky start spinning and a jumble of trees, rocks, and cliffs leave you behind. Suddenly a voice booms, "Bend your knees, bend your knees, and do not lean so far forward". You think to yourself, that if he knew how you were feeling now, he would not say those words.

You now have struck the ground, and how gloriously safe you feel, even though you are covered with piles of soft snow. After frantically digging yourself out you sit up rather dazed. The things you saw flying by you jump back into place with a start. The mountains, valleys and hills have now all resumed their proper places. You look around and see one ski swiftly sliding down the hill. Then you look up the hill where you see your ski-cap and poles.

After collecting your various scattered articles you start anew. This time you really bend your knees, and you do not lean too far forward, and you actually go down that slope without falling.

LET'S GO SKI-ING (Cont'd)

At the beginning of the third day you stay in bed to ease your aching legs, arms and muscles, and wish you had never tried that difficult and discouraging art of ski-ing.

However, you take heart again, and you take lessons in how to snow-plough and christie. Now, instead of "bend your knees", you hear, "swing those shoulders, and lean the right way".

You and your ambitious friends now flock to the bigger hills, where you make an attempt to ride on a ski-tow. This is a new experience, and except for crashing through the safety gate at the top of the tow, and stopping it with everybody looking at you and your stupidity, you get along very well.

At last, after weeks of training and schooling, sore back, falls and accidents, you can go down from the top of a really steep hill in perfect style, doing christianas neatly to one side and then the other. With a superior glance you can watch the beginners beneath you, stumbling and falling, and doing exactly the same things as you did when you started. You hurry by them now, as people did you. How wonderful to see mountains and sky coming to meet you as you glide by, how happy you feel, knowing you have mastered "the art of ski-ing".

Jane Ramsay
Upper IV.

.....

THE FISHERMAN AT NIGHT

The moon is rising o'er the lake,
A fisherman fishes below,
A silvery tinkle the ripples make,
As the fisherman starts to row.

His oars sound silently through the night,
Breaking the solitude,
He spies a fish off to his right
And gets out his net for food.

He casts it again and again and again,
At last the fish, slimy and wet,
Struggles and gulps, but t'is all in vain,
It's caught in the fisherman's net.

Priscilla Wanklyn
Age 10.
Lower III.

THE OPERATION

She gazed into her glass and said dramatically to herself, "I shall never look the same again". She was going to have an operation on her head and who knew how much of her hair would be taken away, and then grow in again a different colour?

Her mother called from downstairs and together they walked along the road and in at the hospital gate. "Why do hospitals have to look so grim?" she wondered, "This is just like a prison with its small windows high up in its dreary gray walls." The two went in and their feet clattered on the tiled floor as they walked through an oppressive smell of anaesthetic towards the operating theatre.

In an anteroom a smiling nurse hoisted her on to a table on wheels covered by a white sheet, and shoved a pillow under her feet, leaving her head uncomfortably low. Then the doctor came in looking extremely ghostly in his green cap and mask and with white bags on his feet.

Her mother asked if she might watch the proceedings but the surgeon said "No, you would feel ill. Even the doctors and nurses themselves faint sometimes, and as the last person I had to carry out weighed a hundred and ninety pounds, I'm not likely to encourage spectators." The poor patient felt a sinking sensation in her middle. Until now she had felt comparatively confident. Everyone had told her it would not hurt, but at that moment she was not so sure. How could they really be certain? The next words increased her discomfort, "I don't know whether to use a razor or a pair of pointed scissors for the job", mused the doctor, "but it must be something with a sharp blade." It was not till later that the wretched girl discovered he was referring to the removal of her hair and not to the operation itself.

Then the stretcher was hauled out and the patient felt as if she was leaving everything behind and would never come back again. As she went through the door she thought "All Hope Abandon, Ye Who Enter Here" should have been engraved over the top.

A cloth was put over her face and she lay there for what seemed hours whilst nurses and doctors fluttered about and vague sensations went round her head. The next thing she knew was that an enormous bandage (quite as large as those wound round the victims of a motorcar smash in the movies) had been tied on and she was being wheeled out again, still unbelievable as it seemed, alive and not too badly damaged.

It was rather an anti-climax when everything was over to sign a card saying she consented to be operated on. As she drove home in a taxi she vaguely wondered what would have happened if she had refused to sign. What were the consequences if one was operated on without a written consent? But why bother now? It was all over and that was really what mattered.

Mary Brocklebank
VI.

LISTEN

Listen, listen to the music of the rain;
Hear it patter on the leaves,
Watch it dripping from the eaves,
And see, see, how it's soaking up the plain.

Swish, swish, with the echo of a sigh.
Hear it pounding on the roofs,
Like the heavy rush of hoofs
That gallop, gallop, and then swiftly hurtle by.

Listen, listen, to the wind that's sobbing near.
Hear its muted sullen whine,
As it shivers through the pine;
Moaning, moaning, in the earth's resentful ear.

See, see, how its body turns and twists
While it blows through the skies.
And oh! see how hard it tries
To part, part, the heavy veil of mists.

Oh! listen, listen, to the magic melody,
Of the singing of the rain,
Of the sobbing wind in pain;
Rising, rising, in a stirring symphony.

Joy Ballon
Lower V.

.....

THE PLANE

It carries men o'er hill and dale
This great and monstrous bird
It's in itself a hero's tale
And stories still unheard.

It keeps its wings aloft on high
It fights its battle in the sky
It bombs the plains and cities round
And sends its brothers to the ground.

Priscilla Wanklyn
Lower III.

.....

THE AUDIENCE AT A HOCKEY MATCH

When I go to a hockey match, which I seldom do, I usually spend most of my time looking at the audience. The people who like to watch hockey matches will say that I am wasting money, time and seats, and perhaps they are not altogether wrong. Still, I think I get just as much amusement out of looking at the audience, as most people do watching the game.

Half the people don't watch the game any more than I do. For instance, that frivolous lady on my right, who chatters the whole time to her friend, is just as much wasting her money (to say nothing of her time), as I am. I'm sure she just came to have a good gossip with her next-door neighbour.

Then there are the wild enthusiasts who jump up crying, "Go on Joe! Shove it in there! Oh, why is he so stupid?" and then subside to chew vigorously. They explain to you in the interlude that they have come all the way from Toronto to see "the team" play.

The husband and wife who have to bring Junior along because they have no one to leave him with, have their trials. Junior wriggles and twists in spite of mother's remorseful whispers to "keep still and be a good boy". Then, in the interlude, dad has to traipse through the crowd and bring back a bottle of ginger-ale to keep Junior quiet.

One of the funny things at a hockey match is to see the whole audience rise together to see what is happening at the other end of the rink. As somebody once said to me, you have to rise too, or you'd spoil the pattern.

Yes, I think watching the audience is great fun, and I would be disappointed if I occupied a seat in the empty part of the Forum.

Katherine Paterson
Lower IV.

.....

PETER

Peter is my sheep dog
I like him very much,
But Peter met the Navy dogs
And they chewed him very much.

Katie Molson
Upper B.

.....



FRIENDSHIP

One little knock-kneed donkey,
Sat all by himself on the road,
"Nobody wants me," he murmured,
"Nobody loves me - well I'm blowed".

This little knock-kneed donkey,
Had a reason to be blowed as you'll see,
For there coming along the broad highway,
Was a sight most beautiful to see.

For here was a dear little donkey,
Who looked neither strong nor bold,
Wandering forlornly from side to side,
Surely, but a few days old.

The knock-kneed donkey got on to his toes
And staggered toward the stranger,
He looked in his eyes and licked his wee nose
And drew him away from all danger.

They sat on a bank and sniffed flowers,
Like Ferdie, El Toro, you know.
They're happy now whatever they do,
They love each other so.

Diana Mather
Age 10 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Upper III.



Sketch by
Mary Warlow
Middle V.



Handwritten text, likely a list or notes, covering the middle section of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan.



I WRITE AN ESSAY

I am sitting here at the desk, pen in hand, and a vacant stare in my eyes. I am writing an essay - an essay which will perhaps give me an A. Glorious thought! and now to write this essay which is to bring me such renown. Already I have tackled five subjects, have groaned and chuckled in turn, as genius burned or simmered. The efforts of my labour now repose in the waste-paper basket. I console myself, recall the stories of great authors who spent years on their great masterpieces. Churchill's words come back to me "Blood, sweat and tears". How very comforting and what food for thought - and then I muse . . .

I am about to produce a work which will take the world by storm. I foresee Miss Hancox, the English teacher, reading it to an astounded Sixth Form. The head mistress discussing it with reverence, and dumbfounded teachers murmuring, "I always knew she was a prodigy". I see myself becoming an eminent authoress, a rival of George Bernard Shaw. No, I shall far surpass him. I am the wonder of the age.

Here I sit in my New York apartment on Fifth Avenue. I am surrounded by manuscripts, and am busily writing an article for the New York Times. In a few minutes I will be boarding a plane for Washington. The White House is my destination.

The scene changes; I am standing in the hall of The Study. About me are the governors of the school, and the Mayor of Montreal is making a speech in my honour - "I am here today to donate a sum of money which will be spent in building a new gym". My words are greeted in uproarious applause and rousing cheers. I bestow a gracious smile on the awestruck pupils, and leave, amid renewed thunderous applause.

My novels are adapted by M.G.M., and the films are shown all over North America, as well as most of Europe. My works are highly commended by the King and Queen, and are chosen as suitable reading for the princesses. They have been translated into twelve different languages, and are second best sellers, the Bible taking the lead.

Newspapers, streets, moviehouses, restaurants, and a new planned city are named after me. On everyone's lips is my name. But in spite of my fame, I am charming, very scintillating, and a great companion of Mrs. Roosevelt.

I am the darling of the Air Force, men go wild over me, and mobs throng the street when I appear. I am the most prominent figure in all of the Americas.

My time is now spent in writing dispatches for the war. Working feverishly I incite the nation to a greater urge, and at last victory is in sight. Headlines proclaim me as "A modern Joan of Arc who leads by her pen".

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's development.

The second part of the report deals with the economic situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's economic development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's economic development.

The third part of the report deals with the social situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's social development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's social development.

The fourth part of the report deals with the political situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's political development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's political development.

I WRITE AN ESSAY (Cont'd)

I am labouring under a terrific strain, writing as much as fifteen hours at a stretch. I seem indefatigable, but at last even my stupendous brain must have a rest. The colossal load I bear is lifted off my shoulders and I depart from this earth on the eve of victory.

The day of my burial is a day of mourning. Schools, offices, public buildings and shops are closed. Royalty grieves and black-robed mourners pace the streets. At twelve o'clock noon a two minute silence is observed by a saddened and weeping people. The anniversary of my death is to be held each year to commemorate my great life. As the press so aptly put it, "A small tribute to so fine a woman . . ."

I am staring vacantly at the wall, the empty pages still before me. With a mournful sigh I come back to earth, chew my pen-holder and rack my feeble brains for inspiration. Genius is only simmering.

Joy Ballon.
Lower V.

.....

IF I WAS A HORSE

If I was a horse I would gallop,
Oh! I'd gallop and gallop all day,
Till I came to the sweet wild country,
Then amongst the warm hay I would play.

If I was a horse I would canter,
And kick up my heels and neigh,
I'd be a flashing chestnut, No, I'd be a grey.
But, alas, I live in the city and I, a girl, must stay.

Deirdre Barr
Upper III.

.....

BASKET-BALL

The School basket-ball season stretches from the middle of October to the end of March. To put it in the sporting way . . . from the end of the tennis season to the beginning of the next tennis season.

Basket-ball is a game made to order for long lanky girls. They have always been considered gawky by parents, friends and the world in general, but they come into their own in this game. Awed spectators cheer as the long one reaches up for the flying orb, arrives at the other end of the floor in one giant step, and with little effort pushes the ball with her baby finger over the rim into the net.

Meanwhile, Short-and-tubby, whose ascension to the team is an unsolved mystery, is galloping about trying to get her hands on the precious ball. But somehow something composed entirely of legs, as far as the eye can see, always whips it away. Even when the Dwarf gets the ball, a wild windmill confronting her makes it impossible to pass to any of her teammates. Such is the game in action.

But this action cannot go on for long as one can well imagine. As faces become redder and damper, the timers concentrate on their watches. Then a shrill whistle pierces the gymnasium and within a second not a girl is left on her feet. The red faces are now on the floor and they are gasping out congratulations to the celebrated six-footer. They also are making sympathetic noises to Tubby, who has been literally torn limb from limb. But she is brave for she is dying for the cause . . . a silver cup.

Now the players are on their feet again and the battle progresses. The timekeepers forget that minutes are slipping away.

The audience forgets that yelling is not permitted. The scorers forget how to add. Even the orange peels lie on the floor forgotten after they have been ruthlessly chewed, as the game nears the end. The Red-head has the ball! She is going to shoot the shot that will win or lose the game! The whistle pierces the air. Team-mates dash at one another and form a circle, seem to be knocking their heads together. At any rate that's what it sounds like. This is the end.

Helen MacLure
Upper V.

.....

THE RUSH HOUR

MONDAY.

Up the stairs slowly, slowly, putting off the entrance into a class-room full of Monday morning-ness. Finally the door is pushed open with an effort and the newcomer is greeted by -

"Wasn't it a divine movie and didn't you think he?" Oh, --- how can they be so cheerful but, of course, they have finished their geometry exam. paper. Well, the last few minutes of life might as well be enjoyed and you hear your voice, "Did you see that too, good wasn't it?"

"Hang the weather, look a gorgeous day and yesterday was nothing but a dull downpour."

"At least you weren't in the country"

"Hi, someone, what are the lessons today?"

"Maths, has anyone done 7b? I couldn't. You have? Let me see it quick."

"Gosh, I forgot my English book, what can I tell her this time?"

"Tell her the dog got the thing and there is nothing left....."

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr (Bell)

"Heavens, there is the bell and I've got nothing ready!"

TUESDAY.

The rain drenches weary schoolgirls in a deadening monotony so unlike the previous day. Gloom presides everywhere. This morning the classroom is pervaded by a sense of despair for the FRENCH TEST looms in the second period.

"Shut up, everyone, how can I study"

"I suppose you have done it all?"

"Quick someone tell me about"

"Don't do any more, Madame will hit on something we don't know and we will all get returns"

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Pass the ammunition! And I've still got ten pages to do."

WEDNESDAY.

The middle of the week, the lull before the storm breaks again. This day the classroom wears an almost cheerful aspect. Most have two spares and the FRENCH TEST is over.

"Hist., Maths, Singing Hist, Maths I bet we get another exam paper today"

"Let's hope it's algebra, I am tired of geometry"

"Has anyone a book they can lend me for book reports? We have to have them in tomorrow or else a return"

THE RUSH HOUR

WEDNESDAY.

"Oh, who cares !!!"

"Hi, don't forget collection, we got hardly any last week"

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Help! I haven't got my books out"

"The benches, I forgot"

"Pick up that chair someone"

THURSDAY.

Thursday brings back the French Test. Yes, it might as well be admitted, and the facts faced, there are going to be a lot of returns this day.

"I am going to the dentist this afternoon, Madame can't bring me back."

"You lucky thing, I never have an excuse"

"It will very likely be a story to reproduce"

"Shut the door, someone is telephoning"

"Anyone do their English last night?"

"Heavens, no, we've got till Monday you know"

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Who's playing the piano? Hurry."

FRIDAY.

Friday and everyone is happy, even the sun shines a little brighter. The room at the top of the stairs seems to overflow with good-will.

"Well, girls, who isn't doing anything tonight? I want to go to a show."

"Yes, there is a good one at the Capitol What is that you are putting on the board?" (General chorus) "Squares! Nine squares!!"

"But it's not possible!"

"But I've only done 5"

"What are you complaining about"

"The bell is going to ring!"

"Who has borrowed my Latin book?"

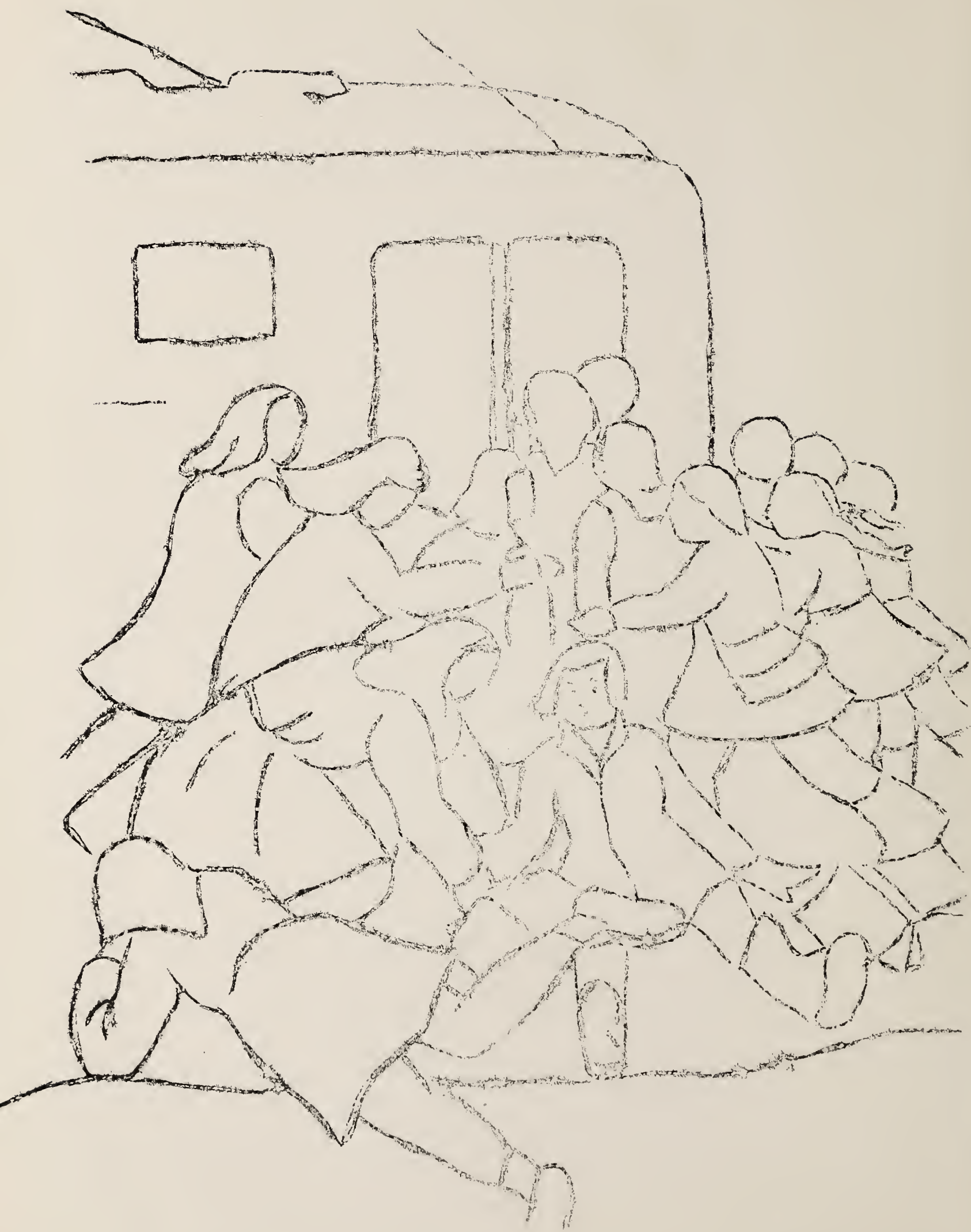
"What's that?Oh, 15 cents for War Savings Stamps"

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

A general hectic rush - the last of the week.

Barbara Sitwell
VI.

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TURMOIL IN THE TRAMWAY

With prolonged shouts we rush up the hill for the tram, scattering books as we go and narrowly missing motorcars. With much puffing and panting we throw ourselves on board just as the doors are closing and with sighs of relief start to hunt for tickets. As usual, most of us have none, so we descend on the one girl who always keeps a stack of them. She, with many threats and reminders that we already owe her one, condescendingly hands them over. Meanwhile, one of us soothes the impatient conductor who is fast coming to the boil.

As the streetcar jerks on its way, with one graceful dive we land half-way down the car and there stick fast. There being one empty seat nearby, we offer it to each other in our polite way and then all make a mad dash for it, which produces a fair amount of confusion and wild looks from the other passengers. One girl finally manages to reach the seat and sit in it, and then we all pile our books on her lap until you can only see her head peeping over the top. (Poor girl, I think she had housemaid's knee after that.)

Chattering gaily we wend our way up the hill, completely drowning out everyone else's conversation to their great annoyance. Then, as the car stops with a terrific jerk, our whole line goes down as one man. What a mess! Now we are really in disgrace with the rest of the car, and we hang our heads in shame, inwardly exploding with giggles. We overhear a remark between two women, one says "Alexandria, my dear, aren't they such sweet children, so full of life and conversation? It must be wonderful to be young!" Replied Alexandria, "My dear Cassandra, they are certainly full of conversation as you put it, but quite frankly far from sweet."

Sheila Clarkson
Upper V.

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SCHOOL

When I go to school in the morning I have lots of fun. Work is fun and so is play. Painting and singing are half play.

I am glad I go to The Study but other people like other schools, though I do not.

I love the days when we have sandwich biscuits. Miss Harvey is the head mistress but I do not speak to her much.

Camilla Porteous
Age $7\frac{1}{2}$.
Upper B.

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A HURRIED SHOPPING TOUR

One evening after dinner as we were doing the dishes (except Father, who had his nose buried in the newspaper) Mother remembered that an important message was to be broadcast by the government at seven-thirty. Just as Father was turning on the radio, however, the doorbell rang so I rushed to answer it.

It proved to be a man selling magazine subscriptions. Just as I was about to say "no", a piercing wail came from the living-room. The man gave me a startled look and ran away. I returned to the living-room and was told by a horror-struck Mother that clothes were to be rationed beginning the day after tomorrow!

The rest of the evening was spent in making lists. Then Father dropped a bomb-shell - I was to do the shopping! It appeared that I was the only one who could do it. Both my brother and sister had colds, my Mother was doing Red Cross work and would not be near a store and my Father, who would be downtown anyway, working, said he would rather be a nudist than go into a store packed with brawling women.

I went to bed with a heavy heart. The next morning I woke up and looked out on a beautiful autumn day. The sun was shining brightly and the river in the distance was sparkling. But I wasn't happy. My sister, with her red nose buried in powder, was snickering at me, and my brother was pretending to be sympathetic, telling me that I would be made a martyr and given a place of honour among my ancestors when I died. I reflected that if what Father had said last night was true, my ancestors had better move over and make room.

After some fond farewells from my family, I set off and soon reached the Bon-Ton Department Store (We Cater to Everyone). It was packed! Every woman in town was there. I started over toward the glove department but the undercurrent of people was so strong that I just let myself drift. Soon I was sent crashing up against a counter piled with socks, I managed to buy several pairs for the men in the family before being carried off again.

After being washed up against the underwear counter, purchasing what I wanted, diving into the crowd again and being practically swept into the "Dogge Shoppe" (which was not where I was going because our dog has everything he needs for the next ten years at least). I began to look for "men's furnishings", with grim determination, gritted teeth, etc., I clawed my way towards my goal.

Upstairs, three women were raising their voices, and fists, over a girdle. One of the women was our neighbour. She lives by herself in a huge house with a gossipy old housekeeper and a cat, which as my Mother says, is related to the housekeeper.

A HURRIED SHOPPING TOUR (Cont'd)

I cannot remember what I did after the first hour. My memory is very dim there, but I remember staggering out into the fresh air and breathing deeply. The ordeal was over.

Footsore and weary; hot, panting, laden with parcels, I homeward plodded my weary way. I staggered into the house, dropped my parcels in the vestibule and fell into a chair. My sister brought me a lovely, cool, refreshing glass of lemonade, which was nice of her. She said that she had watched me coming and had thought I was on my last legs. I agreed.

For the rest of the day I was queen and monarch of all I surveyed. It was a wonderful feeling but all I can say is that I hope the government will not spring any more surprises on us.

Pat Brophy
Middle V.

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THE CHARGE OF THE SIXTH FORMERS

(The story of a French Test)
With Apologies to Lord Tennyson

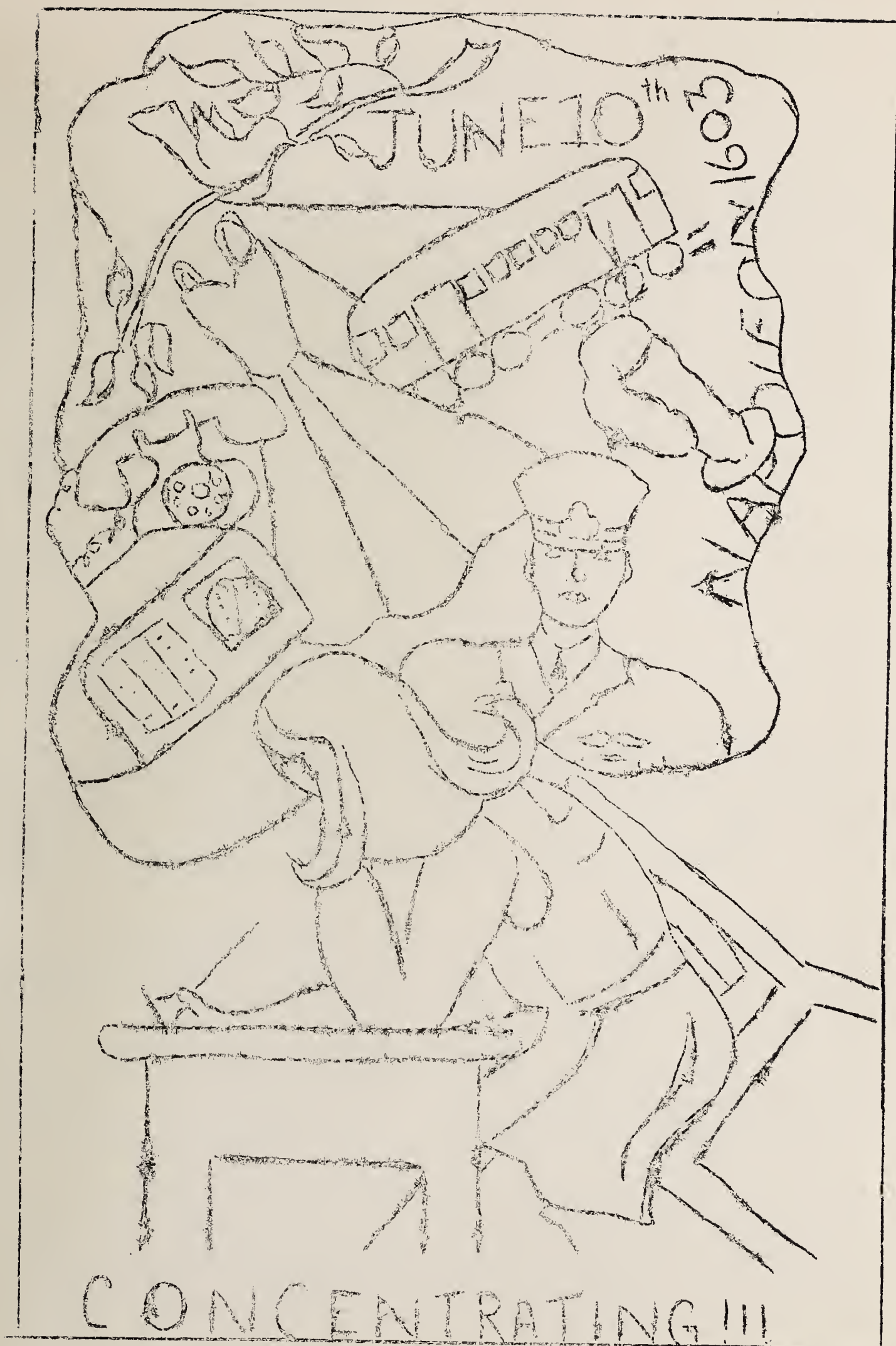
Half a flight, half a flight
Down came the stormers,
All to the "valley of death"
Came the Sixth Formers.
Forward with Di ahead,
"Charge for the pens", she said,
Into the "valley of death"
Came the Sixth Formers.

Hazard to right of them,
Hazard to left of them,
Madame in front of them,
Parléd and thundered.
Stormed at with book and bell,
Boldly they wrote and well!
Who knows or who can tell
When the enchantment fell,
The Sixth Form pondered!

When can their glory fade?
O good the marks they made!
All the school wondered.
Honour with praises warm,
Honour the bright Sixth Form,
Each got one hundred!

Pamela Ponder
VI.

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Ann Grafftey,
Upper V.

OLD GIRLS NEWS 1942-43

Dear Editors:

Ten years ago the Old Girls didn't do very much, and writing Old Girls' notes must have been very easy. As I look through my old magazines I see that the only difficulty the writer had was in expanding the activities to look like news. Most of the Old Girls were debutantes and not doing anything else, or just plain married and living at home. The odd few who were at college or working or having a gay time in London or Paris or Switzerland made good copy and had paragraphs all to themselves. But that was ten years ago, and how times have changed! My problem is to boil the Old Girls' activities down so that they will fit the magazine and not look like a supplement entitled "A Cross-Section of Canadian Living" or something like that - - - I never could make up a good title. "Well", you say, "if she wants to be short and to the point she'd better stop talking and get on with the news". And I agree.

First of all I want to tell you how glad we all are that Emily Adams, our last president is quite well again. She is once more busy with Red Cross and Junior League work, and we wish her the best of luck.

Study girls are to be seen on every Committee in the Junior League, and this year Grace Shearwood (Mrs. Furse) has been the League's very efficient Executive Secretary.

Phoebe Nobbs (Mrs. MacKellar) has been doing interesting work too. She is the Guide Camp Commandant for Westmount, and her Play Reading Club has been reading Shakespeare in costume for various schools. Through play-readings, costume shows, and other activities Phoebe has managed to raise over a thousand dollars for war work since the war began, and I'm sure the school will join the Old Girls in congratulating her on her record.

I think Miss Blanchard should be especially proud of Betty Schwob and Barbara MacCallum (Mrs. Phillips). Betty has become a most successful music teacher, while Barbara's singing has won her major roles in Montreal's Operatic Society, and a place in one of our church choirs.

Your Old Girls certainly can't be called 'stay-at-homes'. Wait till you hear how many are living away from Montreal! Lillias Savage is on the staff of the Australian Legation in Washington and Francois L'Homme is working in Washington too. Joan Murray Smith and Anne MacDonnell are in Ottawa where they are working with the National Film Board.

In England we find Sheila Birks and Grace Flintoft (Mrs. Murray Cassils) who were the first two Montrealers to be sent over by the Red Cross Office Administration Corps. Marjorie Price (Mrs. Tim Huggan) has returned to England, Ruth Mary Penfield is still working with the American Embassy in London, and Gillian Hessey White is there with the C.W.A.C.

Joanna/

OLD GIRLS NEWS 1942-43 (Cont'd)

Joanna Wright (Mrs. Mark Farrell) is living in New York, Kathie MacDonald is teaching at the Winsor School in Boston, while Dorothea Hamilton (Mrs. Charles Cunningham) is farthest away of all. She is living 'deep in the heart' of Venezuela. And then, scattered across the country, are Althea Morris (Mrs. Carr-Harris), Diana Walker (Mrs. Donald Taylor), Shirley Goodall (Mrs. John Stairs), Norah Richardson (Mrs. Hayden Bryant), Peggy Kingstone (Mrs. Frank Stuart) and Viva Johnston (Mrs. Jack Carter) all with their husbands at Army, Navy and Air Force stations. Diana's husband is with the Paratroops.

But we haven't all left town. The Study is well represented at McGill. If we crept into the Redpath Library now we would find Claire Fisher, Frances Barnes, Patsy Hanson, Audrey Bovey, Joan Anderson, Sheila Mercer, Margaret Turner-Bone and Joan Gilmour, all wishing they had worked harder during the year. By the time this is printed exams will be a painful memory, and we wish them all the best of results.

Also at McGill, but without examination jitters we find Dorothy Osborne and Marion Savage who are doing war research in the Science Department, while Beatrice Norsworthy (Mrs. David Murphy) has been a demonstrator in Biochemistry.

Here are more 'out-of-towners' to tell you about. Elizabeth MacDonald is at Bishop's College, and Minda Bronfman is at Smith. Margaret Graham (Mrs. Jack Neeson) is taking Journalism at Columbia University in New York, and Mary Fry is taking her Master's degree in Speech Therapy at the University of Wisconsin.

Back home again to tell you about our business enthusiasts. At least seven of the Old Girls are taking business courses this year. Marjorie Schofield, Percival Mackenzie (Mrs. Fred Ritchie), Betty Woodyatt, Elizabeth Lyman, Elizabeth Hopkins, Ina Grimaldi and Daphne Smith, are all learning how to pound a typewriter.

Sydney Fisher, Elizabeth Gray (Mrs. Jim Duncan) and Alice Patch are working in munitions. And in Murray's, the Red Cross Lunch Room or any other of these 'business girls' clubs' you can spend an enjoyable lunch hour with Irene Irwin, who will tell you about matching dyes, Kay Knox, Julia Troop, Elizabeth Ferguson, who will tell you about drafting, Margaret Patch, Gwyneth McConkey, who will talk you into having your house done over, Peggy Durnford, Adele Robertson or Margery Nelson, who has achieved her ambition to become a newspaperwoman.

You can see what I mean about having my difficulties in condensing the story of these busy people, dear Editors, and I'm not through yet.

I want to tell you about our Red Cross workers. In the Transport Section we find Daphne Montefiore, who dashes about on a motorcycle, and Mary Fowler. Nancy Montefiore and Kay Knox are V.A.D.'s who do very necessary hospital work. Emily Adams and Betty Beveridge are technicians/

For the purpose of this report, the following information was obtained from the records of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, and the Bureau of Reclamation, and from the records of the various landowners and lessees of the land in question.

The land in question is situated in the State of California, and is owned by the State of California. The land is situated in the County of Santa Clara, and is situated in the Township of Santa Clara, and is situated in the Range of Santa Clara.

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OLD GIRLS NEWS 1942-43 (Cont'd)

nicians at the Blood Donor Clinic, while Nancy Maclachlan and Elizabeth Lyman are laboratory workers there. Cynthia Vaughan (Mrs. Robert Vaughan) is the new Secretary of the Clinic, and Anne Williamson, Adele Robertson, Barbara Whitley and Betty Woodyatt work there with the Office Administration. Margery Hutchison is at Adair House, and Elizabeth Hopkins and Florence Grimaldi make tea for tired workers at Red Cross House.

Elizabeth McConkey is secretary to the Head Dietitian at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Marjorie Schofield is a technician at the General Hospital while Aurelia Walker, Joan Clarkson and Jane Molson are nurses there. Mary Harling and Margaret MacDonald have distinguished themselves in the field of nursing, Margie is going to be Head Nurse on a new floor of the Western Hospital.

Last of all I want to tell you of our Old Girls who are in uniform. In the R.C.A.F.(W.D.) are Willa Magee (Mrs. David Walker), Barbara Kemp, Joan Patch (Mrs. Harlow Wright) and Mimi Garrow, while Janet Hutchison is on the civilian staff of the R.A.F.F.C. Margot McDougall, and Gillian Hessey White look very smart and busy in their khaki C.W.A.C. uniforms. Word has just come from England that Gillian passed successfully through her officer's training there, congratulations! The newest of the women's services, the Wrens, has its share of Old Girl members in Mary Lee Pyke, Sheila Mappin and Dorothy Benson, while Dorothy Blair, Anne Williamson and Barbara Whitley are civilian coders with the Navy here.

No doubt I've left out a great deal of interesting news, dear Editors, but don't you think I've talked long enough? I do.

Respectfully Submitted:

BARBARA WHITLEY

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THE SCHOOL BAZAAR

On October 6th we had our "Sale of Work". The articles for the sale were all made by the girls during the summer; there were many knitted articles and some beautiful sewing. We could not have our usual candy sale and the White Elephant Stall was smaller than last year. However, the sale was more successful. We raised over Four Hundred Dollars which we donated to the Merchant Navy and the Allied Post.

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Journal of Interpersonal Violence 26(10)

1890

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OLD GIRLS NEWS 1942-43

ENGAGEMENTS

Rebecca Jones to Capt. Benton Bull

Renee Papineau to F/Lieut. Mowatt Christie

Ruth Mary Penfield to Lieut. Crosby Lewis

Anne Williamson to Lieut. Murray Heslam

MARRIAGES

Janice Byington to Dr. Lawrence E. Hinkle

Jean Gordon to Mr. Alec Holden

Margaret Graham to Mr. Jack Neeson

Kathleen Graham to Cpl. John Weir

Barbara MacCallum to Mr. Thomas Phillips

Diana Walker to Major Donald Taylor

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